

PERSONAL AND
SOCIETY NEWS

Society

Walter L. Ferguson
Entertains Class

Walter L. Ferguson was host to a party given Wednesday evening at his home 230 Fifth avenue, Huntington, W. Va., for the mid-year class of the Huntington high school. The house was beautifully decorated with red flowers, the color scheme being used as the color scheme. The feature was the table on which was placed a large pumpkin containing turkey favors filled with candy. To each favor was attached a ribbon in the class colors by means of which each guest drew a prize. An enjoyable evening was spent, games and music being the diversion. Several interesting contests were worked out. The first, a musical round, with Mrs. Richard Gump at the piano and Mrs. W. J. Norman at the piano. The second, "The Dear Little Goose," which was sung by the class. The third, a quiz, which was won by the class. The fourth, a story, which was told by the class. The fifth, a play, which was acted by the class. The sixth, a song, which was sung by the class. The seventh, a dance, which was danced by the class. The eighth, a game, which was played by the class. The ninth, a contest, which was won by the class. The tenth, a prize, which was won by the class.

THE
KITCHEN CABINET

Under this heading each week we will publish a few recipes. Send to your favorite one. The recipes are from each issue of the paper. You can soon make a good cook book.

Oatmeal Cookies.
Place in mixing bowl one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter or other good shortening, rolls of two eggs, two cups of flour, two cups of rolled oats, one-half cup of finely chopped nuts, one cup of finely chopped raisins, one-half teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg, one half cup of water.

Mix well and drop on well-greased baking sheet, making a four-inch space between each cookie. Bake in moderate oven for ten minutes. Remove from the baking sheet while warm, using a spatula to take the cookies from the pans.

THE ONLY GRIEF THAT MATTERS

There were four of us in the smoking car riding our petty woe. And the air was filled with the loud complaint which often a Pullman knows.

One fellow spoke of his money loss and he cried out loud and long. The friend who had sold him the worthless stock, and he called him "that" and "that."

We vie as whippersnappers often do to lead with our tale of woe. We traded round and round and down, each singing a doleful note.

One had not in a month's time and to listen to him complain. You'd have thought that the joy of earth was killed by the minute or two of pain.

I was as bad as the other three. I answered them none for none. Trouble had captured and captured me and useless it seemed to hope. The gloom was thick in that stuffy car, as thick as the clouds of smoke.

Till the fact of us told our tale of woe—then a man in the corner spoke.

"Gentlemen, I have heard you all and your pitiful stories there. And I tell you now that I'd sing for joy to see troubled the man as you."

I'd never frown and I'd never whine, or speak in this way you speak. But I've been hit where it really hurts—I buried my wife last week!"

And now whenever I hear a man groan at some trivial loss, they're not. And tell their troubles and curse the world and grumble and whine and fret.

I tell them the tale of the silent man, with the pale and careworn cheek. The man—somebody's wife sitting next—who buried his wife last week. (Copyright, 1922, by Edgar A. Guest)

THE VILLAGE WEEKLY

At last the floundering carrier bore The village paper to our door. Let broadsword outward as we read To warmer zones the horizon spread. In panoramic length unfolded We saw the marvels that it told. Welcome to us its week-old Muse, Its monthly gauge of snow and rain, Its record mingling in a breath The wedding-knell and dirge of death. Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale, The latest culprit sent to jail; Its hue and cry of stolen and lost, Its endue sally and goods at cost, And traffic calling loud for gain, We felt the call of hell and vain. The pulse of life that round us beat, The chill embargo of the snow. We melted in the genial glow; Wide swung again our ice-locked door And all the world was ours once more. —From Whittier's "Snowbound."

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Individual fruit jars, tiny jars of preserves, jelly or marmalade, are gifts which will carry with them more than all else the individuality of the home maker. They may be packed in Christmas boxes, tied in ribbon and surrounded with a sprig of holly or be wrapped with an embroidered napkin.

The Point of
View

By JUSTIN WENTWOOD

(By 1922, Western Newspaper Union)

"I do wish you wouldn't keep interrupting me, Daisy," said the popular author. "There I've got to complete this story by twelve o'clock and I can't think of a thing to write about."

"Oh, well, you haven't been so happy," answered the popular author's pretty young wife. "I'm sure I don't want to trespass upon your valuable time."

She went out and slammed the door. First with desperation, the popular author leaped at his typewriter and began.

"It was all over. Their six months of married life had shown each other, clearly that they were mismatched. Life had done everything in its power to exorcise the beautiful creature to whom he had devoted his life, but all was in vain."

"Sometimes indeed he wondered if she could possibly be the woman he had loved so truly; so devotedly, with such consuming passion."

"Was it really consuming passion?" the popular author demanded of his machine. "Was it not just infatuation?"

And what was going to happen next? He must bring in a third part soon. But where? How? Where? The popular author's fingers fell from the keys. "The plot refused to come."

He looked up angrily as the door opened.

"The same I don't wish to be a nuisance to you, but," said Daisy. "But unless you're prepared to go without lunch for supper, somebody's got to go to the butcher's. I can't unless you want the job to be recorded."

"Down the butcher?" said Daisy. "Well, that's the limit," answered Daisy. "That's the first time I've ever seen you so angry."

"I did swear at you, I swore at the butcher!"

"Oh, yes, you have some part in it, of course, but let me tell you, but it isn't enough for me. I'm going home to mother, and you can let your old popple know," said Daisy, giving the door one of those peculiar glances that are the result of a moment of anger and a moment of the human mind.

The popular author grunted his teeth and leaped at his typewriter again.

"With such consuming passion. She had turned into a flesh and blood creature. She had in consideration for his work at all. And now she was going home to her mother."

"He knew that he was angry. He had grown tired of her. Her presence drove him mad. He loved her to the point of hate."

Was there another part? He was sure of it. He knew that she was pulling the wool over his eyes, but he laughed heartily. Let her see her own folly.

She came into the room. "Have you anything to say to me, mother, before we part for all time?" she demanded. "Only that I'll be glad to see the best of you," he answered. "That's trouble to come back. The sailing for Paris tomorrow."

"What are you going to do in Paris?" she queried insistently. "Forget that you ever existed in the smiles of the beauties of the Gay City," he replied.

"Watch that insult continues the first word," she cried, and slammed the door. It was one of those peculiar glances that impart the greatest amount of sound and sense.

The door opened. Daisy came softly in and glided up to the popular author's desk.

"I've telephoned for the meat from Mrs. Higginson's," she said. "Good-bye, dear, I know I have been horrid to you, but I get so nervous with the long work. Won't you forgive me?"

The popular author turned from his machine. He caught Daisy in his arms and set her down on his knee. They kissed each other. They were very happy.

"I suppose I'll have to go or the plot will burn," said Daisy. "But we mustn't have any more quarrels, must we, darling?"

"Never again," answered the popular author.

"How are you getting on with your story, darling?"

"Oh, fairly well," the popular author answered. "I've just got to change the end a little."

When the door had closed softly behind her the popular author leaped like a demon at the typewriter.

"Forget that you ever existed in the smiles of the beauties of the Gay City," he replied.

"She sank, half swooning, at his feet. 'Oh, I can't bear it,' she pleaded. 'Forgive me, and I'll never make you angry again.' 'Take me back, or I shall die.'"

He raised her in his arms and put her down on his knee. "Darling, I was only speaking in bitterness," he answered. "There never was anybody out you."

Sometimes Gets Reversed.

"A telephone call always reminds me of a pictured saint."

"Why?"

"There's a continual 'hello' around her head."

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

A COLUMN DEDICATED TO TIRED
MOTHERS AS THEY JOIN THE
HOME CIRCLE AT EVEN-
ING TIDE.

What Have We Done Today?
We shall do so much in the years to come.
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum.

But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heaviest and dry the tears.
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear.
We shall speak the words of love and cheer.

But what did we speak today?
We shall be no kind in the after-
world.
But what have we been today?

We shall bring to each lonely life a smile.
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth.
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth.

We shall feed the hungry souls of earth.
But what have we fed today?
We shall reap such joys in the joy and day.
But what have we sown today?

We shall build us mansions in the sky.
But what have we built today?
The sweet in life dreams to be, the love and trust we can take. Yes, this is the thing our souls must make.

"What have we done today?"
—Nixon Waterman.

There is something the strongest or the weakest of that of motherhood. Society is held together by social ties. These ties are bound by money and faith. These obligations are like a net of steel, and none hold like this marriage bond when inviolated and unapproached by the wife's thought.

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Personal

J. H. Woods was in Ashland Friday.

Judge W. L. Watson was up from Ashland Sunday.

L. M. Henry was here last Saturday from Huntington.

Dr. J. P. Reynolds of Mt. Sterling was the guest Sunday of his parents.

Mr. J. B. Vaughan and family spent Thanksgiving with relatives in Huntington.

Miss Vivian Hays spent the week-end with Mrs. Hays W. Watson in Huntington.

A. H. Snyder and Leo Carter were in Huntington, W. Va., Thursday and Friday of last week.

Miss Lois Stringfellow who is teaching school at Ellettsburg spent the week-end at her home here.

Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Millard and Elizabeth Ann were guests of friends in Ashland on Thanksgiving.

J. M. Cain drove from Huntington, W. Va., in his car Saturday and visited his parents over Sunday.

Misses Louise Robinson and Alta Finley went to Huntington, W. Va., Thursday to shop for a few days.

Miss Elizabeth Roberts has returned from Barboursville, W. Va., where she spent Thanksgiving with friends.

Mrs. Helen Gearhart came down from Lacey last week for a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Richard A. Stone.

Miss Martha Yates went to Catlettsburg Thursday evening to spend the week-end with Miss Mary Louise Emefick.

Mrs. C. M. Crutcher returned to Huntington, W. Va., after a few days visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Henson and family of Huntington, W. Va., returned to Lousia Sunday and spent the afternoon with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hensley and Miss Garland of Catlettsburg were here last Thursday. Alice came up to spend the day with Eulah Kirk.

Mrs. Rebecca Garrod Blair, Miss Bernard Garrod and Miss Louise Eban came up from Ashland and spent Thanksgiving with relatives here.

Miss Opal Pylson who is attending school in Huntington, W. Va., spent the Thanksgiving holidays with her sister, Mrs. W. F. Wickersham, at this place.

Mrs. F. F. Freese was visiting friends in Catlettsburg a few days ago.

G. C. Haisden, of Minnie, Floyd county, was a business visitor in Lousia Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Kennedy returned to Wayland after a visit to her mother, Mrs. Jamie V. Land.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Shannon went to Cincinnati a few days ago and to Chicago for a visit to Rev. F. P. Shannon and family.

J. M. Talbert was in Lousia Wednesday returning to his home at Red Jacket, W. Va., after a visit to relatives at Georgia creek.

Miss May Sammons of Charleston, W. Va., and Mrs. J. A. Collinsworth and son of Huntington came to Lousia to spend Thanksgiving and the week-end with H. C. Sammons and family.

John Wood of Buffalo, N. Y., reached Lousia Thursday of last week in his airplane. He expects to remain here several days as the guest of relatives.

Miss Josephine Harkins of Prestonsburg, Francis Harkins and Douglas Miller of Huntington were week-end guests of Miss Jeanne Adams.

The party accompanied by Miss Adams motored to Huntington, W. Va., Sunday.

Mrs. C. E. Skaggs spent Thanksgiving and the following week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hogg of Huntington, W. Va. She returned to her home in Lousia Sunday evening.

Among those who saw the musical comedy "Sue Dear" in Huntington Thanksgiving evening were: Misses Julia Snyder, Vivian Hays, Dorothy Spencer and Clara Bromley and Messrs. G. R. Burgess, J. Q. Lacey, Jas. B. Hughes, Marion Horne, H. P. T. Vanhoose, N. B. Conley, Ernest Carter, J. Isralsky and Prof. N. Q. Gilmer.

BOUQUETS.
Lovely Christmas bouquets may be made of evergreen sprays, pine cones and branches of cedar, holly and mistletoe. A basket of twigs, lined with moss, makes an appropriate holder for the bouquet.

Lexington, Ky.—Miss Ellen Hughes daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Hughes of Lousia, Ky., is a Junior in the Department of Arts and Sciences at the University of Kentucky. Miss Hughes has achieved a marked success in her class work during her three years at the University and has taken an active part in all the scholastic functions on the campus. She is a member of the Chi Omega Sorority and an active worker in the Y. W. C. A.

Lace Branham and family moved from route 2 to Lousia to spend the winter.

Faulkner's

On Winchester Avenue at 15th Ashland, Ky.

FOR MEN

Collars.
Hose.
Collar Bag
Tie Kit
Bill Fold
Card Case
Military Brushes
Neckwear
Handkerchiefs
Umbrella
Scarf Pin
Cuff Links
Tie Clasp
Collar Pin
Studs
Belt Buckle
Silk Shirt
Madras Shirt
Pajamas
Gloves
Suspenders
Knee Supporters
Trunk
Traveling Bag
Brief Case
Suit Case
Key Case
Sweater

FOR BOYS

Coats
Blouses
Shirts
Gloves
Sweaters
Wash Suits
Underwear

FOR INFANTS

Coats
Dresses
Underwear
Sweaters
Sweater Sets
Caps
Bibs
Dresses
Rattles
Baby Book
Hot Water Bottle
Carriage Robe
Garment Hanger
Amusement Cards
Blankets
Comforts
Crib Spreads
Rompers
Carriage Robe Bows
Novelties

FOR THE HOME

Bed Spreads
Blankets
Sheets
Pillow Cases
Cushions
Comforts
Curtains
Drapes
Bath Rugs
Towels
Center Piece
Guest Towels
Towel Sets
Dollies
Linen Sets
Table Linens
Napkins
The Hoover

FOR WOMEN

Hand Bag
Pocket Book
Novelty Jewelry
Comb
Jeweled Hair Pin
Mesh Bag
Beads
Bangles
Ear Rings
Bar Pin
Comb
Soutier
Lingerie Clasp
Feather Fan
The Declinator for year
Apparel
Coat
Suit
Dress
Evening Dress
Skirt
Kimono
Lingerie
Corsets
Bloomers
Gowns
Boudoir Caps
Teddy
Covers
Camisoles
Dress Material
Suits
Kimono Material
Toilet Articles
Perfume
Toilet Water
Powder
Furs
Fur Choker
Fur Coat
Fur Scarf
Sweater
Wool Scarf
Rouge
Compacts
Lip Stick
Ivory Novelties
Dresser Sets
Picture Frames
Bud Vases
Tray
Clocks
Hair Recipients
Toilet Water Bottles
Comb
Gloves
Hosiery
Hand Made Waists
Blouses
Tub Waists
Neckwear
Ribbons
Silk Girdles
Millinery
Veils

FOR GIRLS

Furs
Coat
Dress
Underwear
Stockings
Middie
Sweater
Hat

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C. C. SKAGGS

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LOUISA, KENTUCKY
Phone 60

Remembering
your friends & family

The Christmas Store has made ready for the time of times with assortments of gift merchandise so distinctive and suggestive that the Christmas Shopper will find in them a solution to all of her gift problems. Every isle is an isle of gifts; every gift a possibility for some one. This list of suggestions hints at the plenteousness and resourcefulness of this stores Holiday Displays. Slip it into your handbag as a reminder of gift shopping to be done and a suggestion as to where to do it.

Give Gifts Of Apparel because they so attractively combine beauty with utility, and because a woman loves nothing more than pretty things for her person. Gifts of apparel are suggested. Costume accessories of course for ones friends, but for the home folks nothing is more appropriate than the larger items of apparel.

Home Loving Hearts delight in gifts for the home. Not the necessities so much as the smaller things thru which a woman may express her personality and taste, the decorative things that lend individuality to a home. You will find any number of just such things here, a most profitable place for Christmas shoppers to visit.

Christmas for the Little Folks. The youngsters will probably make out a Christmas list a foot long and expect everything to come down the chimney just as ordered. Toys to be sure, within reason, but make a generous part of their Christmas worthwhile. Attractive apparel will please them mightily.

Out of Town Friends whom you wish to remember at Christmas are always a problem. Certain "easy to mail" gifts are suggested. Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Gloves, Linen Pieces may be mailed in an envelope, letter size or larger. Tissue Paper, Christmas seals and cards together with specimens of novel ways of wrapping are on the main floor.

Just the Jolliest, most inspirational, most satisfying place to do your Christmas shopping is what we are trying to make this store. We will appreciate any suggestions you might make. We want to become famous as champion of the old fashioned Christmas Spirit.